MR. GRAY'S

POEMS.

Mary Henshaw

POEMS

BY

MR. GRAY.

A NEW EDITION.

A. Walker del. S. Taylor sculp.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, NO. 32, FLEET STREET.

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TO

Sir THOMAS MILLS.

SIR,

WHEN I preſent the Public with an elegant edition of "Poems by Mr. Gray" at a very moderate price, I perform an action which I am confident would have been highly grateful to the author had he been living, as every writer naturally wiſhes to have his works handſomely printed and univerſally read.

I flatter myſelf there is no impropriety in particularly inſcribing theſe poems to a gentleman who has judgement to diſtinguiſh, and taſte to reliſh fine verſes, and who poſſeſſes a heart capable of many virtues.

I remain, with reſpect,

SIR,

Your very obedient ſervant,

LONDON,
20th *November*,
1777.

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THIS

EDITION.

SOON after the publication of a former edition of Mr. Gray's poems, in a ſimilar form, the Rev. Mr. Maſon the author of Elfrida, gave notice to the publiſher by a particular meſſenger, that he had treſpaſſed upon his property, by inſerting fifty lines* in his volume which belonged to him, and threatened to ſeek legal redreſs in caſe ſatisfaction was not made for this offence.

To this charge, ſo abſurd in its nature, the publiſher could hardly give credit. The practice of taking extracts from publications of all kinds is

* Mr. Maſon claims, beſides the above, *Ode for Muſic, irregular*; which were he to obtain the property of, would be a few more ſtanzas in his favour. But this Ode was given to the public without fee or reward, by the author, in his life-time. And therefore it is preſumed neither *law* nor *equity* will carry it to Mr. Maſon.

common to every bookſeller, and every author, over the kingdom; and no perſon is guilty of it in a ſuperior degree to Mr. Dodſley, the bookſeller employed by Mr. Maſon.—Nay, Mr. Maſon himſelf had behaved in the manner complained of, and adapted without ſcruple to his quarto edition of Mr. Gray's poems, a large extract which he took from another work. It was true alſo, that the fifty *lines* had been printed indiſcriminately by others who pretended to no excluſive property in them, that they were not written by Mr. Maſon, nor bequeathed to him particularly by the author.

From every circumſtance attending this matter, the ridicule of the claim ſet up became ſtronger. But ſuſpecting that a gentleman of Mr. Maſon's ſenſe and good character muſt have juſter grounds of complaint than what appeared upon the face of his meſſage, the publiſher requeſted to be favoured with his addreſs, in order to have a perſonal conference with him upon the ſubject; and at ſame time aſſured his agent, that he meant not deſignedly to invade or to injure Mr. Maſon's property: Whether his meſſenger began to view the object of his miſſion in too ludicrous a view, is unknown, but it is certain he refuſed to comply with this civil requiſition.

The

The publiſher, however, deſirous to come to an explanation concerning this matter procured Mr. Maſon's addreſs by another channel, and waited upon him.

At this conference he proved, firſt, That it was the immemorial practice of bookſellers to take extracts at pleaſure, from new publications, and that none amongſt them turned this practice to more account than Mr. Maſon's bookſeller *; and, ſecondly, that even ſuppoſing the act complained of to be an offence, it was hard to ſingle out the

* Mr. Becket in the year 1769 publiſhed, at the price of One or Two Shillings, a well-written and popular poem, conſiſting of about 300 verſes, intitled "An Ode, upon dedicating a Building, "and erecting a Statue, to Shakeſpeare: by Mr. Garrick." Mr. Dodſley without ſcruple applied this performance to his own uſe, by inſerting it *intire* in the Annual Regiſter. Has Mr. Dodſley made any compenſation for this deliberate act of piracy to the proprietor? Or has Mr. Becket ſought redreſs for the injury by a Chancery ſuit? Again, has Mr. Dodſley offered any compenſation to Mr. Murray for the different piracies he has committed upon his books? Or do Mr. Maſon and his bookſeller aſſume an excluſive right to appropriate to their reſpective uſes what portion they pleaſe of every new literary performance that comes abroad, while they proſecute another perſon with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law for taking the ſame liberty? Mr. Dodſley takes deliberately every year 1000 verſes for the uſe of his Annual Regiſter with impunity; but the printing of 50 verſes inadvertently by the preſent publiſher is converted into an heinous treſpaſs, and becomes the ground of a rigorous legal inveſtigation.

preſent publiſher to render legal compenſation, who was not the firſt aggreſſor, as the book had been printed by others who pretended to no excluſive right in it, long before his edition became extant; nor had he ever previouſly heard of Mr. Maſon's pretenſions. But in order to ſhow how little reaſon the author of Elfrida had particularly to cenſure him; without entering at all into the practice of the trade on one hand, or the claim of property on the other, he deſired Mr. Maſon to ſpecify what ſum he choſe to receive, as compenſation for the offence complained of.

The publiſher never admitted Mr. Maſon's *legal* right of property in theſe verſes; he is indeed inſtructed that he poſſeſſes none:—but a great deal could not be exacted for fifty *lines*; and the publiſher wiſhed no gentleman of reſpectable character to impute a deliberate injury to him, which he was certainly very far from intending.

Mr. Maſon remained ſilent to his overture; which the publiſher after repeating to him as diſtinctly as he could, took his leave, imagining he deſired time to conſider of it.

Such is the faithful account of this little tranſaction; nor will Mr. Maſon diſpute its authenticity

or

or exactneſs. The publiſher was a ſtranger to Mr. Gray's executor, except by reputation. He is unconſcious of having failed in the reſpect due to him; and the value of Mr. Maſon's character would not have ſuffered diminution, had he been equally diſpoſed to treat the publiſher with civility and attention.

It was hardly poſſible after this equitable procedure, to expect to be troubled with an oppreſſive proſecution; from any man ſuch conduct would have been eſteemed ungenerous; from a clergyman, whoſe duty it is to ſowe peace and good will amongſt men, it wears not a more favourable aſpect.

Mr. Maſon, nevertheleſs, without further notice, filed a bill in Chancery againſt the publiſher; and retained Mr. Thurloe, Mr. Wedderburn, and Mr. Dunning for his counſel *.

* Mr. Maſon ſends an agent profeſſedly to require ſatisfaction or compenſation for an infringement of property. Without entering into the merits of this claim, he is deſired to preſcribe his own terms of redreſs. In return for this offer, he files a bill in Chancery againſt the ſuppoſed offender, and continues to urge his ſuit, merely to load the defender with coſts; for he cannot entertain the moſt diſtant idea of being awarded damages for an infringement of 50 *lines* of *literary property*, admitting (which is by no means granted) that his claim is juſtly founded.

Let this behaviour be reconciled to honour, to morality, or (as Mr. Maſon is in holy orders to the *practice of piety!*

Fifty

Fifty *lines* ſurely cannot be an object for a man to throw a hundred pounds, or more money, after; it leads an impartial perſon to imagine, that Mr. Maſon has a further object in view; and that, altho' he has realized already near a thouſand pounds from the profits of his quarto edition of Mr. Gray's poems, he is not ſatisfied, but deſires to ſuppreſs the publiſher's little volume altogether, altho' it has not hitherto paid the expences incurred in printing it, in order to retain the monopoly of Mr. Gray's poems intirely in his own hands.

If his behaviour can be reconciled to a better principle the publiſher will readily confeſs it, and wiſhes to diſcover a motive leſs ſelfiſh, in order to ſpeak of it; for altho' he diſapproves of his conduct, he diſclaims all animoſity towards Mr. Maſon, and is ſorry that the preſent recital does not tend more to the credit of his character.

But Mr. Maſon means to erect a monument in Weſtminſter Abbey to the memory of Mr Gray *, with the profits acquired by his book;—will this intention, diſintereſted as it is, if true, juſtify or ex-

* This report is new. Perhaps it has commenced ſince the date of Mr. Murray's public letter to Mr. Maſon. In any view, however, we confeſs the ſacrifice of ſuch emolument to be great.

cuſe

cuſe his preſent proceeding againſt a man, who, ſo far from offending, has offered him his own terms of compenſation for an action, merely becauſe he *complained*, tho' it was both legally and morally juſt?

In erecting a monument to the honour of Mr. Gray, let Mr. Maſon be careful that he does not, by his behaviour, unthinkingly erect one of another kind for himſelf. Nor ſhould this advice be deſpiſed becauſe it proceeds from a perſon he but little regards: truth is the ſame, thro' whatever channel it runs.

After this detail, it remains to ſay ſomething of the preſent edition; and this can be comprized in a very few words. It cannot be denied that it appears under ſome diſadvantages; but there are advantages to compenſate for theſe: The reader is left in full poſſeſſion of all Mr. Gray's *valuable* and *beſt* poems; and ſome articles are added which are not to be met with in any other edition of the author's works. The plates are engraved at conſiderable expence from original deſigns; and the frontiſpiece to the *Fatal Siſters*, a new plate, has been deſigned and engraved for *this* edition.

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A SHORT

A

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MR. GRAY.

MR. THOMAS GRAY, the ſubject of this memoir, was born in Cornhill, the twenty-ſixth day of December 1716. His grandfather had been a con-

ſiderable merchant; but his father, Mr. Philip Gray, exerciſed the trade of a money-ſcrivener; and being of an indolent diſpoſition, he did not add to his paternal fortune. He neglected not however, the education of his ſon; whom he ſent to Eton ſchool; where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Horace Walpole, who is at preſent ſo diſtinguiſhed in the republic of letters, and with Mr. Richard Weſt, a young gentleman of uncommon ability, whoſe father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

From Eton Mr. Gray, in the year 1734, removed to Cambridge, and was admitted a penſioner of St. Peter's College. Mr. Weſt went to ſtudy in Chriſt-Church College at Oxford; and theſe ingenious

genious friends now commenced an epiſtolary correſpondence, which, though not unworthy of their years, and of the hopes conceived of them, they little imagined was, one day, to be laid before the public.

They were not long in their reſpective univerſities, when they turned their attention to the ſtudy of the law. For, with that view, they found themſelves in London in the year 1738. Mr. Weſt took chambers in the Inner Temple, But Mr. Gray being invited by Mr. Walpole to accompany him in his travels, delayed, for a time, his application to a ſcience, which, ſurely, did not ſuit either his temper or his genius.

The improvement he received from viſiting France and Italy was doubtleſs very great. But the pleaſure ariſing from his travels, was painfully interrupted by the diſagreement which aroſe between him and Mr. Walpole. Their diſpoſitions were different. The penſive and philoſophical turn of the former, did not well agree with the gaiety and livelineſs of the latter. They had ſet out in the end of the year 1739, and they parted at Reggio in the year 1741. Many years, however, did not paſs till a reconciliation was produced between them, by the intervention and offices of a lady, who had a friendſhip for both.

On Mr. Gray's return to London*,

* September 1741.

he

he found his father altogether waſted with the ſevere attacks of the gout, to which he had long been ſubject. Two months after, he loſt him, and ſucceeded to a ſcanty patrimony. The intention he had formed, of ſtudying the law as a profeſſion, began now to be ſhaken. But his friends urging him to maintain his original purpoſe, and the delicacy of his nature inducing him not to give them uneaſineſs, by too ſudden a declaration of the ſtate of his mind, he went to Cambridge, and took his Batchelor's degree in the Civil Law. The time he had paſſed in his travels, the intenſe labour required by the ſtudy of the Common Law, and, above all, the narrowneſs of his fortune, eſtranged him from a deſign, which perhaps he

had never entertained with affection or ardour; and the anxiety excited by this undeciſiveneſs as to the ſcheme of life he ſhould follow, was now embittered by the ſickneſs of Mr. Weſt, who had ſome time languiſhed in a conſumption, and who, in June 1742, in the twenty-ſixth year of his age, fell an unſuſpecting victim to this diſtemper.

A ſhort time before this cruel event, Mr. Gray had gone to viſit his mother, in her retirement at Stoke, near Windſor, where he wrote his beautiful Ode on the Spring. And it is not impoſſible, but a preſage of what was to happen, occaſioned the intereſting melancholy which reigns in it. His regrets it is eaſier to conceive than to deſcribe;

ſcribe; and they ſeem immediately to have given birth to a very tender ſonnet in Engliſh, in the manner of Petrarque, and to a noble apoſtrophe in Latin, which he intended as the introduction to one of his books, *De principiis cogitandi* *. It is alſo worthy of obſervation, that within three months after Mr. Weſt's death, he appears to have compoſed the Ode on a diſtant proſpect of Eton College, and the Hymn to Adverſity. Nor is it to be doubted, that his ſorrow for his beloved friend gave a tone to theſe delightful poems; and the reader of ſenſibility, who peruſes them under this impreſſion, will find an additional charm in them.

* See his Memoirs by Mr. Maſon.

The genius of Mr. Gray, which was averſe from the mechaniſm and toil of buſineſs, joined to his paſſion for ſtudy and literature, inclined him to live at Cambridge, where he had free acceſs to many valuable libraries. From the winter of the year 1742, to the end of his life, it was the ſeat of his reſidence; and he was ſeldom abſent from it, except on occaſional viſits to his mother, and during that period*, when, on the opening of the Britiſh Muſeum, he took lodgings in Southampton Row, for the purpoſe of examining, and extracting from, the Harleian and other manuſcripts.

It was not till the year 1750, that

* Between the years 1759 and 1762.

he

he put the laſt hand to his much-celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Mr. Walpole, who was infinitely delighted with it, communicated it in manuſcript to many perſons of diſtinction, who failed not to feel for and to beſtow on the author the admiration and applauſe he ſo juſtly merited. In this polite and faſhionable circle was Lady Cobham, who wiſhing much to be acquainted with Mr. Gray, procured this pleaſure, by the means of her relation Miſs Speed, and of Lady Schaub. The hiſtory of this incident, the circumſtances of which were ſomewhat peculiar, he has thrown into a ballad, intitled, *A True Story*. Of this piece the humour does not appear very ſtriking; and, though it has found admirers, the author

thor himſelf refuſed it a place in his own edition of his poems.

The year 1753 was memorable to Mr. Gray, by the loſs of his mother, whom he loved with an exemplary affection. In the year 1756, ſome young men, who lived in the ſame ſtaircaſe, and who fancied that birth and fortune gave them a title to be impertinent, diſturbing him frequently and intentionally with their inſults and riots, he found it neceſſary to remove from Peter-houſe, and went to Pembroke-hall. In the year 1768, by the unſolicited influence of the Duke of Grafton, he was nominated King's Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Cambridge, a place of 400l. a year.

It

It appears, that in the early part of his life, he had entertained the deſire of publiſhing an edition of Strabo; and, among his papers, there were many geographical diſquiſitions, which had been made with that intention. He alſo left many explanatory and critical obſervations on the writings of Plato; and he had beſtowed uncommon labour on the *Anthologia*. A project worthy of him, and more intereſting than any of thoſe, was, A Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, on which he had long meditated, but thought proper to abandon, when he was informed that Mr. Warton, of Trinity College, Oxford, was engaged in a ſimilar purſuit.

Among the branches of knowledge in

in which he excelled, it would be improper not to mention Architecture; and his ſkill in Heraldry was exact and extenſive. But what was moſt peculiarly to his taſte, and engaged his attention the moſt conſtantly, was Natural Hiſtory. He left many notes on Linnæus, and on Hudſon's *Flora Anglica*; and while employed on Zoology, he ſtudied Ariſtotle on that ſubject, and explained many of the obſcure paſſages of that diſtinguiſhed Antient. Muſic he knew moſt exquiſitely; and, while abroad, he had acquired a ſkill in Painting. In a word, if Mathematics are excepted, there was not a part of human learning which he had not cultivated with ſucceſs.

A pro-

A propenſity to melancholy, the conſtant attendant of genius, was obſervable in Mr. Gray, from his earlieſt years; and a hereditary gout ſerved to encourage it. About the end of May 1771, he made a viſit to London; but being oppreſſed with feveriſhneſs, and dejection of mind, he was adviſed to leave his lodgings in Jermyn Street for Kenſington; where a freer air ſo far operated to his recovery, as to enable him to return to Cambridge. On the 24th of July, however, a ſudden ſickneſs, while at dinner, made him retire to his chamber, from the College hall. His malady, which was found to be the gout in his ſtomach, continued to increaſe, and baffled all the art of medicine. On the 29th, a ſtrong convulſion-

fit

fit ſeized him; it returned with additional violence on the 30th; and the evening after, this ingenious poet, and cultivated ſcholar, ceaſed to adorn England and human nature.

THE

THE

LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

OF

MR. THOMAS GRAY.

EXTRACTED

From the REGISTRY of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

IN THE NAME OF GOD. *Amen.* I THOMAS GRAY, of Pembroke-hall, in the univerſity of Cambridge, being of ſound mind and in good health of body, yet ignorant how long theſe bleſſings may be indulged me, Do make this my laſt will and teſtament in manner and form

form following: Firſt, I do deſire that my body may be depoſited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamſhire, near her remains, in a coffin of ſeaſoned oak, neither lined or covered, and (unleſs it be very inconvenient) I could wiſh that one of my Executors may ſee me laid in the grave, and diſtribute among ſuch honeſt and induſtrious poor perſons in the ſaid pariſh as he thinks fit, the ſum of ten pounds in charity. Next I give to George Williamſon, Eſq; my ſecond couſin by the father's ſide, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the ſum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities, now ſtanding in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring alſo my ſecond couſin by the father's ſide, of the county of Suſſex, five hundred pounds Reduced Bank Annuities, and a pair of large blue and white

white old Japan china jars. *Item*, I give to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, ſpinſter, my ſecond couſin by the mother's ſide, all that my freehold eſtate and houſe in the pariſh of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of ſixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Nortgeth, perfumer, provided that ſhe pay out of the ſaid rent, by half-yearly payments, Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the ſum of Twenty pounds per ann. during her natural life; and after the deceaſe of the ſaid Jane Olliffe, I give the ſaid eſtate to the ſaid Mary Antrobus, To Have and To Hold, to her, her heirs and aſſigns for ever. Further I bequeath to the ſaid Mary Antrobus the ſum of ſix hundred pounds, New South-Sea Annuities, now ſtanding in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five

pounds per ann. to Graves Stokeley, of Stoke-Pogeis, in the county of Bucks; which ſum of ſix hundred pounds, after the deceaſe of the ſaid annuitant, does (by the will of Anne Rogers, my late aunt) belong ſolely and entirely to me; together with all overplus of intereſt in the mean time accruing. Further, if at the time of my deceaſe there ſhall be any arrear of ſalary due to me from his Majeſty's treaſury, I give all ſuch arrears to the ſaid Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other ſecond couſin by the mother's ſide, the ſums of ſix hundred pounds, Old South-Sea Annuities; of three hundred pounds, Four per Cent. Bank Annuities Conſolidated; and of two hundred pounds Three per Cent. Bank Annuities Coſolidated; all now ſtanding in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's

Majeſty's Commiſſioners of Exciſe, the ſum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park, in the biſhopric of Durham, five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and deſire him alſo to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my ſervant, Stephen Hempſtead, the ſum of fifty pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and if he continues in my ſervice to the time of my death, I alſo give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two couſins above mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china ware, bed linen, and table linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge, not otherwiſe bequeathed, to be equally and amicably ſhared between them. I give to the Reverend

William Maſon, Precentor of York, all my books, manuſcripts, coins, muſic, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preſerve or deſtroy at his own diſcretion: And after my juſt debts and the expences of my funeral are diſcharged, all the reſidue of my perſonal eſtate whatſoever I do hereby give and bequeath to the ſaid Reverend William Maſon and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, Preſident of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them; deſiring them to apply the ſum of two hundred pounds to an uſe of charity, concerning which I have already informed them: and I do hereby conſtitute and appoint them, the ſaid William Maſon and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my laſt will and teſtament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, ſhall go about to moleſt, or commence any ſuit againſt, my ſaid exe-

executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all ſuch bequeſts or legacies as I had given to that perſon or perſons, and give it to be divided between my ſaid executors and reſiduary legatees, whoſe integrity and kindneſs I have ſo long experienced, and who can beſt judge of my true intention and meaning. In witneſs whereof, I have hereunto ſet my hand and ſeal this ſecond day of July, 1770.

THOMAS GRAY.

Signed, ſealed, publiſhed, and declared by the ſaid Thomas Gray, the teſtator, as, and for, his laſt will and teſtament, in the preſence of us; who in his preſence, and at his requeſt, and in the preſence of each other,

have ſigned our names as witneſſes hereto,

RICHARD BAKER,
THOMAS WILSON,
JOSEPH TURNER.

Proved at London the twelfth of Auguſt, 1771, before the Worſhipful Andrew Coltre Ducarel, Doctor of Laws, and Surrogate, by the oaths of the Reverend William Maſon, Clerk, Maſter of Arts, and the Reverend James Browne, Clerk, Maſter of Arts, the executors; to whom adminiſtration was granted, having been firſt ſworn duly to adminiſter.

JOHN STEVENS,
HENRY STEVENS,
GEO. GOSTLING, jun. } Deputy Regiſters.

THE

THE

TEARS OF GENIUS.

AN ODE.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. GRAY.

(By J. T——.)

ON Cham's fair banks, where Learning's hallow'd fane
Majeſtic riſes on th' aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Where oft the muſe has led the favourite ſwain,
And warm'd his ſoul with Heaven's inſpiring light,

Beneath the covert of the ſylvan ſhade,
Where deadly cypreſs, mix'd with mournful yew,
Far o'er the vale a gloomy ſtillneſs ſpread,
Celeſtial Genius burſt upon the view.

The bloom of youth, the majeſty of years,
The ſoften'd aſpect, innocent and kind,
The ſigh of ſorrow, and the ſtreaming tears,
Reſiſtleſs all, their various pow'r combin'd.

In her fair hand a ſilver harp ſhe bore,
Whoſe magic notes, ſoft-warbling from the ſtring,
Give tranquil joys the breaſt ne'er knew before,
Or raiſe the ſoul on rapture's airy wing.
By grief impell'd, I heard her heave a ſigh,
While thus the rapid ſtrain reſounded thro' the ſky:

Haſte, ye ſiſter powers of ſong,
Haſten from the ſhady grove,
Where the river rolls along,
Sweetly to the voice of love.

Where, indulging mirthful pleaſures,
Light you preſs the flow'ry green,
And from Flora's blooming treaſures
Cull the wreath for fancy's queen:

Where your gently-flowing numbers,
Floating on the fragrant breeze,
Sink the ſoul in pleaſing ſlumbers,
On the downy bed of eaſe.

For

For graver ſtrains prepare the plaintive lyre,
That wakes the ſofteſt feelings of the ſoul;
Let lonely grief the melting verſe inſpire,
Let deep'ning ſorrow's ſolemn accents roll.

Rack'd by the hand of rude diſeaſe,
Behold our fav'rite poet lies!
While every object form'd to pleaſe,
Far from his couch ungrateful flies.

The bliſsful muſe, whoſe favouring ſmile
So lately warm'd his peaceful breaſt,
Diffuſing heavenly joys the while,
In tranſport's radiant garments dreſt,
With darkſome grandeur and enfeebl'd blaze,
Sinks in the ſhades of night, and ſhuns his eager gaze.

The gaudy train, who wait on SPRING *,
Ting'd with the pomp of vernal pride,
The youth who mount on pleaſure's wing †,
And idly ſport on Thames's ſide,
With cool regard their various arts employ,
Nor rouſe the drooping mind, nor give the pauſe of joy.

* Ode on SPRING.
† Ode on the Proſpect of ETON COLLEGE.

Ha!

Ha! what forms, with port ſublime *,
Glide along in ſullen mood,
Scorning all the threats of time,
High above misfortune's flood?

They ſeize their harps, they ſtrike the lyre,
With rapid hand, with freedom's fire.
Obedient nature hears the lofty ſound,
And Snowdon's airy cliffs the heavenly ſtrains reſound.

In pomp of ſtate, behold they wait,
With arms outſtretch'd, and aſpects kind,
To ſnatch on high to yonder ſky,
The child of fancy left behind:
Forgot the woes of Cambria's fatal day,
By rapture's blaze impell'd, they ſwell the artleſs lay.

But ah in vain they ſtrive to ſooth,
With gentle arts, the tort'ring hours;
ADVERSITY †, with rankling tooth,
Her baleful gifts profuſely pours.

Behold ſhe comes, the fiend forlorn,
Array'd in horror's ſettled gloom;

* BARD, an Ode.
† Hymn to ADVERSITY.

She

She ſtrews the briar and prickly thorn,
And triumphs in th' infernal doom.
With frantic fury and inſatiate rage,
She knaws the throbbing breaſt, and blaſts the glowing page.

No more the ſoft EOLIAN flute*
Breathes thro' the heart the melting ſtrain;
The powers of Harmony are mute,
And leave the once-delightful plain;
With heavy wing I ſee them beat the air,
Damp'd by the leaden hand of comfortleſs deſpair.

Yet ſtay, O! ſtay, celeſtial pow'rs,
And with a hand of kind regard,
Diſpel the boiſt'rous ſtorm that lours
Deſtructive on the fav'rite bard;
O watch with me his laſt expiring breath,
And ſnatch him from the arms of dark, oblivious death.

Hark the FATAL SISTERS † join,
And with horror's mutt'ring ſounds,
Weave the tiſſue of his line,
While the dreadful ſpell reſounds.

* The PROGRESS OF POETRY.
† The FATAL SISTERS, an Ode.

" Hail,

" Hail, ye midnight ſiſters, hail,
" Drive the ſhuttle ſwift along;
" Let our ſecret charms prevail
" O'er the valiant and the ſtrong.

" O'er the glory of the land,
" O'er the innocent and gay,
O'er the muſes' tuneful band,
" Weave the fun'ral web of Gray."

'Tis done, 'tis done—the iron hand of pain,
With ruthleſs fury and corroſive force,
Racks every joint, and ſeizes every vein:
He ſinks, he groans, he falls a lifeleſs corſe.

Thus fades the flow'r nip'd by the frozen gale,
Tho' once ſo ſweet, ſo lovely to the eye:
Thus the tall oaks, when boiſt'rous ſtorms aſſail,
Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lye.

Ye ſacred ſiſters of the plaintive verſe,
Now let the ſtream of fond affection flow;
O pay your tribute o'er the ſlow-drawn hearſe,
With all the manly dignity of woe.

Oft when the Curfew tolls its parting knell,
With ſolemn pauſe yon CHURCH-YARD's
gloom ſurvey;

While

While ſorrow's ſighs, and tears of pity tell,
How juſt the moral of the poet's lay *.

O'er his green grave, in contemplation's guiſe,
Oft let the pilgrim drop a ſilent tear;
Oft let the ſhepherd's tender accents riſe,
Big with the ſweets of each revolving year;
Till proſtrate time adore his deathleſs name,
Fix'd on the ſolid baſe of adamantine fame.

* Elegy in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

ODE

POEMS.

BY

MR. GRAY.

ODE

ON THE

SPRING.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,

The untaught harmony of ſpring :
While, whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade ;
Where-e'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade * ;
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think,
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate),
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great !

* ——————— a bank
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine.
Shakeſp. Midſ. Night's Dream.

Still

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repoſe:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon *:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun †.

* Nare per æſtatem liquidam —
Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.

† ———— ſporting with quick glance,
Shew to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book 7.

To Contemplation's ſober eye *
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The ſportive kind reply;
Poor Moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!

* While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c.
M. GREEN, *in the Grotto.*
Dodſley's Miſcellanies, Vol. 5. p. 161.

Thy

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;

Her

Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

Preſump-

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulph between:
(Malignant Fate ſat by, and ſmil'd)
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that gliſters, gold.

ODE

O D E

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY's * holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below

* King HENRY the Sixth, founder of the College.

Of

Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleaſing ſhade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel, the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breath a ſecond ſpring.

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. Syſtem.

Say,

Say, Father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace;
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet, which enthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom Health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:

Yet

Yet ſee, how all around 'em wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhow them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful anger, pallid fear,
And ſhame that ſkulks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs * laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath,
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:

* And Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

This

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe,
No more—where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

A

LONG STORY.

MR. GRAY's Elegy in the Country Church Yard, before it appeared in print, was handed about in manuſcript; and amongſt other eminent perſonages who ſaw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who reſided at the Manſion-houſe at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance induced her to wiſh for the author's acquaintance; and Lady Schaub and Miſs Speed, then at her houſe, undertook to effect it. Theſe two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's ſolitary manſion, where he at that time reſided; and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, ſurpriſed at ſuch a compliment, returned the viſit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance, he ſoon after gave a fanciful and pleaſant account of it in the following copy of verſes, which he entitled A LONG STORY.

ALTHOUGH this performance certainly poſſeſſes great humour, yet it is not immediately perceived; and has not been *univerſally* reliſhed. The author perceived this himſelf, and owned it candidly.—"The verſes," he writes to Dr. Wharton, "you "ſo kindly try to keep in countenance, were writ-"ten merely to divert Lady Cobham and her fa-"mily, and ſucceeded accordingly; but being "ſhewed about in town, are not liked at all." This laſt conſideration induced Mr. Gray to reject them in the Collection which he himſelf made of his poems.

MR. GRAY's Executor having thought fit to reſtore them, they are retained here.

A

LONG STORY.

IN Britain's iſle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building ſtands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands.

To raiſe the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And paſſages, that lead to nothing.

Full

Full oft within the ſpacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave *Lord-Keeper led the Brawls:
The Seal and Maces danc'd before him.

His buſhy beard, and ſhoe-ſtrings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and ſatin doublet,
Mov'd the ſtout heart of England's Queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very firſt beginning!
Shame of the verſifying tribe!
Your Hiſt'ry whither are you ſpinning?
Can you do nothing but deſcribe?

A Houſe there is, (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning iſſues

* Hatton, preferr'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful perſon and fine Dancing.

A brace

A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But ruſtling in their ſilks and tiſſues.

The firſt came cap-a-pee from France
Her conqu'ring deſtiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye aſkance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with ſpirit, wit, and ſatire:
But Cobham had the poliſh given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air——
Coarſe panegyrics would but teaze her.
Meliſſa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
Alas, who would not wiſh to pleaſe her!

With

With bonnet blue and capuchin,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame in the ſhape of Mr. P---t
(By this time all the Pariſh know it)
Had told, that thereabauts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet;

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peaſants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And ſuck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheaſants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,

She'd

She'd iſſue out her high commiſſion
To rid the manor of ſuch vermin.

The Heroines undertook the taſk,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er ſtiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor ſtay'd to aſk,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they ſing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up ſtairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-ſkurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and teſter clamber;

Into the Drawers and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creaſed, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the firſt marching of the troops
The Muſes, hopeleſs of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a ſmall cloſet in the garden.

So Rumour ſays: (Who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, ſafe and laughing in his ſleeve,
He heard the diſtant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,
The power of magic was no fable;

Out of the window, whiſk, they flew,
But left a ſpell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
The poet felt a ſtrange diſorder:
Tranſparent birdlime form'd the middle,
And chains inviſible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pothooks did ſo move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-houſe
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no ſign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his caſe,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a bluſh on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainſt four ſuch eyes were no protection.

The Court was ſat, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy manſions creeping
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery ſtand peeping:

Such as in ſilence of the night
Come (ſweep) along ſome winding entry
(**Styack* has often ſeen the ſight)
Or at the chapel-door ſtand ſentry;

In peaked hoods and mantles tarniſh'd,
Sour viſages, enough to ſcare ye,

* The Houſe-keeper.

High

High Dames of honour once, that garniſh'd
The drawing room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peereſs comes. The Audience ſtare,
And doff their hats with due ſubmiſſion:
She curtſies, as ſhe takes her chair,
To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Diſprov'd the arguments of *Squib* *,
And all that *Groom* † could urge againſt him.

But ſoon his rhetoric forſook him,
When he the ſolemn hall had ſeen;
A ſudden fit of ague ſhook him,
He ſtood as mute as poor *Macleane* ‡.

* Groom of the Chambers.
† The Steward,
‡ A famous Highwayman hang'd the week before.

Yet ſomething he was heard to mutter,
'How in the Park beneath an old-tree
'(Without deſign to hurt the butter,
'Or any malice to the poultry,)

'He once or twice had penn'd a ſonnet;
'Yet hop'd that he might ſave his bacon:
'Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
'He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken.'

The ghoſtly prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the ſinner.
My Lady roſe, and with a grace----
She ſmil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

'Jeſu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
'Why what can the Viſcounteſs mean?'

(Cried

(Cried the ſquare Hoods in woeful fidget)
'The times are alter'd quite and clean!

'Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
'Her air and all her manners ſhew it.
'Commend me to her affability!
'Speak to a Commoner and Poet!'

[*Here* 500 *Stanzas are loſt.*]

And ſo God ſave our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would ſing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

O D E

TO

ADVERSITY.

——— Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὰν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *in Agamemnone.*

ODE

TO

ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe; and with them go
The ſummer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel; and know myſelf a man.

THE

THE

PROGRESS OF POESY.

A

PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων
Χατίζει.——

PINDAR, Olymph. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the author firſt publiſhed this and the following ode, he was adviſed, even by his friends, to ſubjoin ſome few explanatory notes; but had too much reſpect for the underſtanding of his readers to take that liberty.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake *,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute aud harp.
David's Pſalms.

Pindar ſtyles his own poetry, with its muſical accompanyments, Αἰολὶς μολπή, Ἀιόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Æolian ſong, Æolian ſtrings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are here united. The various ſources of poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, are here deſcribed; as well in its quiet majeſtic progreſs enriching every ſubject (otherwiſe dry and barren) with all the pomp

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Tho' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rowling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign* of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft controul.

pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers; as in its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent paſſions of the ſoul. The thoughts are borrowed from the firſt Pythian of Pindar.

On

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
* Perching on the ſceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

† Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned loves are ſeen
On Cytherea's day

* This is a weak imitation of ſome beautiful lines in the ſame ode.

†. Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

With

With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
* Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where-e'er ſhe turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
† The bloom of young deſire, and purple light of Love.

* Μαρμαρυγὰς ὑπὸ ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
HOMER. Od. o.

† Δάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρίῃσι
Παρῃσι φῶς ἵμερτος.
PHRYNICHUS, *apud Athenæum.*

II. 1. Man's

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
† Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring
ſhafts of war.

* To compenſate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muſe was given us by the ſame Providence that ſends the day, by its chearful preſence to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or ſeen the Morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hills afar.
COWLEY.

II. 2.

* In climes beyond the ſolar † road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the ſhiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

* Extenſive influence of poetic genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welſh Fragments, the Lapland and American ſongs, &c.]

† "Extra anni ſoliſque vias——." VIRGIL.
"Tutta lontana dal camin del ſole." PETRARCH, *Canzon* 2.

II. 3. Woods

II. 3.

* Woods that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Egean deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languiſh,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:

* Progreſs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taſte there. Spenſer imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them: but this ſchool expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.

Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling * laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

* Shakeſpeare.

Thine

Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic
Tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he *, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Ecſtaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy.
† He paſs'd the flaming bounds of Place and
Time:
‡ The living throne, the ſapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,

* Milton.

† "—— flammantia mœnia mundi." LUCRETIUS.

‡ For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels.—And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire ſtone.——This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

Ezekiel i. 20. 26. 28.

He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
*Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
† Two courſers of ethereal race,
‡ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace,

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,

* Οφθαλμῶν μεν ἀμερσε· δίδου δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδην HOM. OD.

† Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

‡ Haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder? JOB.

Scatters

Scatters from her pictur'd urn
* Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
† But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
‡ That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:

* Words that weep, and tears that ſpeak. COWLEY.

† We have had in our language no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgement, ſtyle, and harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr. Maſon indeed, of late days has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his choruſes,——above all in the laſt of Caractacus:

Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread? &c.

‡ Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purſues its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.

Yet

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muſe's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

THE

THE

BARD.

A

PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the Firſt, when he completed the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

Published 1st August 1776. Page Sculp.

And with a Masters Hand, and Prophets Fire,
Struck the deep Sorrows of his Lyre!

Pa. 68.

THE

BARD.

A

PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

'RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King.
'Confuſion on thy banners wait;
'Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'* They mock the air with idle ſtate!

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.
SHAKESPEARE's *King John.*

'Helm,

'Helm, nor * Hauberk's twiſted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the ſounds that o'er the † creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of ‡ Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.

* The Hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.

† The creſted adder's pride. DRYDEN's *Indian Queen*.

‡ *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welſh themſelves call *Craigian-eryri:* it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far eaſt as the river Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle of Conway, built there by King Edward the Firſt, ſays, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann. 1283), "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erig caſtrum forte."

Stout

Stout Glo'ſter * ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs
trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer †, and couch'd his
quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(‡ Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
‖ Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)

* Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords Marchers*, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

‡ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, repreſenting the Supreme Being in the viſion of Ezekiel. There are two of theſe paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

‖ Shone, like a meteor, ſtreaming to the wind.
MILTON'S *Paradiſe Loſt.*

And

And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert-cave,
'Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That huſh'd the ſtormy main:
'Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whoſe magic ſong
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.

On

'On dreary Arvon's * ſhore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
'The famiſh'd eagle † ſcreams, and paſſes by.
'Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear ‡, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries—

* The ſhores of Caernarvonſhire oppoſite to the iſle of Angleſey.

† Camden and others obſerve, that eagles uſed annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as ſome think) were named by the Welch *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the higheſt point of Snowdon is called *the Eagle's Neſt*. That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmorland, &c. can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.]

‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart—

SHAKESPEARE'S *Jul. Cæſar.*

'No

'No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
'I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave * with bloody hands the tiſſue
of thy line.'

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright

* See the Norwegian ode that follows.

" The

" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs
that ring,
" Shrieks of an agonizing King * !
" She-wolf of France †, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee ‡ be born, who o'er thy country
hangs
" The ſcourge of Heav'n. What terrors
round him wait !
" Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude
behind.

* Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley caſtle.

† Iſabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his funeral couch he lies * !
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obſequies.
" Is the ſable warrior † fled ?
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
" The ſwarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.
" Fair laughs the Morn ‡, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes ;
" Youth on the prow, and pleaſure at the helm;

* Death of that king, abondoned by his children, and even robbed in his laſt moments by his courtiers and his miſtreſs.

† Edward the Black Prince, dead ſome time before his father.

‡ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froiſſard and other contemporary writers.

" Regard-

" Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
" That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his
evening-prey.

II. 3.

" Fill * high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare,
" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell thirſt and famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray †,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?

* Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers, was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd
courſe,
" And through the kindred ſquadrons mow
their way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius*, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his conſort's † faith, his father's ‡
fame,
" And ſpare the meek uſurper's § holy head.
" Above, below, the roſe of ſnow ‖,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe, we ſpread!

* Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.

‡ Henry the Fifth.

§ Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

‖ The white and red roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.

" The

" The briſtled boar * in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed
loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify
his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
" † Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſs'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:

* The ſilver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

† Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

'In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
'They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
'But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
'Deſcending ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
'Viſions of glory! ſpare my aching ſight,
'Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
'No more our long-loſt Arthur * we bewail.
'All-hail, ye genuine Kings †, Britannia's iſſue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
'Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;

* It was the common belief of the Welſh nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welſh ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the houſe of Tudor.

'And

'And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
'In bearded majeſty, appear.
'In the midſt a form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
'Her lion-port*, her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
'What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air!
'What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
'Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin†, hear;
'They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
'Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinſki, ambaſſador of Poland, ſays 'And thus ſhe, lion-like riſing, 'daunted the malaperť orator no leſs with her ſtately port and ma- 'jeſtical deporture, than with the tartneſſe of her princelie checkes.'

† Talieſſin, chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

III. 3.

'The verſe adorn again
'* Fierce War, and faithful Love,
'And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
'In † buſkin'd meaſures move
'Pale Grief, and pleaſing pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
'A ‡ voice, as of the cherub-choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'§ And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
'That loſt in long futurity expire.
'Fond impious man, thinkſt thou yon ſanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?

* Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong.
SPENSER's *Proem to the Fairy Queen.*

† Shakeſpeare.

‡ Milton.

§ The ſucceſſion of Poets after Milton's time.

'To-

'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: with joy I ſee
'The different doom our fates aſſign.
'Be thine Deſpair, and ſceptred Care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He ſpoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

THE

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

(From the NORSE TONGUE.)

To be found in the ORCADES of THERMODUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and alſo in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

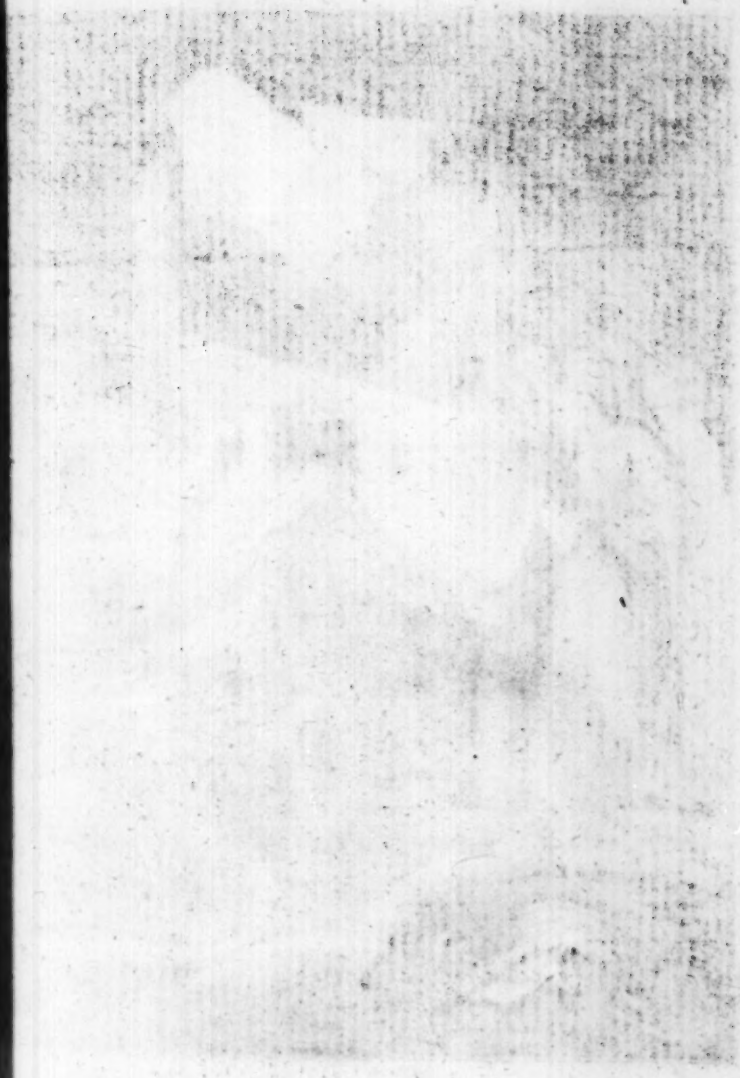
The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving *A Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry:* In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced ſome ſpecimens of the ſtyle that reigned in antient times among the neighbouring nations, or thoſe who had ſubdued the greater part of this iſland, and were our progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them. He afterwards dropped his deſign; eſpecially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a perſon well qualified to do it juſtice, both by his taſte, and his reſearches into antiquity.

PREFACE.

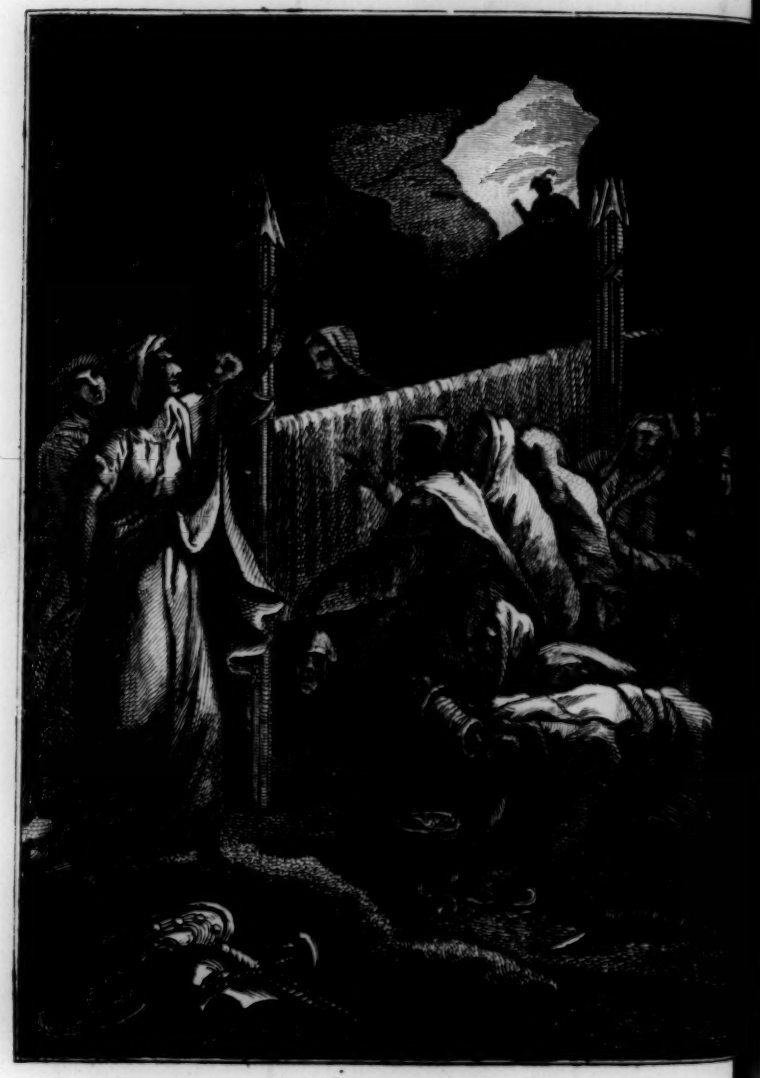
IN the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney Iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips, and a conſiderable body of troops, into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of *Sigtryg with the ſilken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Caithneſs* in Scotland ſaw, at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them;

them; till looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom, and as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful ſong; which when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth.

THE



FATAL SISTERS.



See the grisley texture grow!
'Tis of human Entrails made,
And the Weights that play below,
Each a gasping Warriors Head.

Nov.r 20.th 1777. Publish'd as the Act directs by J.Murray N.o 32 Fleetstreet Londo

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

NOW the ſtorm begins to lower,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare,)
* Iron ſleet of arrowy ſhower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Note.—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, ſervants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies *Chuſers of the ſlain*. They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, (the hall of *Odin*, or paradiſe of the brave,) where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhower— MILT. *Par. Regained.*

† The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air. SHAKES. *Jul. Cæſ.*

Glitt'ring

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver*'s bane.

See the griſly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and *Hilda*, ſee!

Join

Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' enſanguin'd field,
Gondula, and *Geira*, ſpread
O'er the youthful King your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war.)

They, whom once the deſert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;

* Ireland.

Long

Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death.
Siſters, ceaſe: The work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing;
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed!
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

THE

THE

DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

(From the NORSE TONGUE.)

To be found in BARTHOLINUS, de cauſus contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead!

Publiſhed as the Act directs 15 Aug.t 1776

THE

DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

UPROSE the King of men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed:
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to HELA's * drear abode.
Him the dog of darkneſs ſpied;
His ſhaggy throat he opened wide,

* *Niſlheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it preſided HELA, the Goddeſs of Death.

While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foàm and human gore diſtill'd.
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſat,
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;

Thrice

Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, preſume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbleſt,
That calls me from the bed of reſt?

ODIN.

ODIN.

A Traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is ſpread,
Dreſt for whom yon golden bed.

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet ſee
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold:
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold.
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips uncloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers *Odin*'s child await,
Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS.

In *Hoder*'s hand the hero's doom;
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Propheteſs, my ſpell obey;
Once again ariſe, and ſay,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall *Hoder*'s blood be ſpilt.

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the weſt,
By *Odin*'s fierce embrace compreſt,
A wond'rous boy ſhall *Rinda* bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam,
Till he on *Hoder*'s corſe ſhall ſmile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,
What Virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,

That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightieſt of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding Maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor Propheteſs of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come

To break my iron-ſleep again;
Till *Lok* * has burſt his tenfold chain.
Never, till ſubſtantial Night
Has reaſum'd her antient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he ſhall break his bonds; the human race, the ſtars, and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf and his kindred deities ſhall periſh. For a farther explanation of this mythology, ſee "Introduction a l'Hiſtoire de Dannemarc par Monſ. Mallet," 1755, Quarto; or rather a tranſlation of it publiſhed in 1770, and intitled, "Northern Antiquities;" in which ſome miſtakes in the original are judiciouſly corrected.

THE

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimen of the Welſh Poetry;
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

ADVERTISEMENT.

OWEN ſucceeded his father GRIFFIN in the principality of NORTH WALES, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
OWEN ſwift, and OWEN ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of Roderic's ſtem,
Gwyneth's * ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours;

* North Wales.

Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
Lochlin * plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman ſails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntleſs on his native ſands
The dragon-ſon † of Mona ſtands;

* Denmark.

† The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallador, which all his deſcendants bore on their banners.

In

In glittering arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Deſpair, and honourable Death.

* * * * * * * * *

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. CLARKE*.

LO! where this ſilent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother ſleeps:
A Heart, within whoſe ſacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith ſincere,
And ſoft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death reſign'd,
She felt the wound ſhe left behind.

* This Lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, Phyſician, at Epſom, died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

Her infant image, here below,
Sits ſmiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he ſtrays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to ſecret ſorrow dear;
A ſigh; an unavailing tear;
Till Time ſhall ev'ry grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

ELEGY

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs, and to me.

* —— ſquilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.
DANTE, *Purgat. l.* 8.

Now

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her antient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening-care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flattery ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt,
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy to mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes * live their wonted fires.

* Ch'i veggio nel penſier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiuſi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

PETRARCH, *Son.* 169.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic root ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

'The next with dirges due in ſad array
'Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
'Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
'Grav'd on the ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn*.'

* In the firſt edition of this poem, the following beautiful lines were inſerted immediately before the epitaph; but they have been ſince omitted, as the parentheſis was thought too long:

There ſcattered oft, the earlieſt of the year,
By hands unſeen, are ſhow'rs of violets found;
The redbreaſt loves to build and warble there,
And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

THE

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a Friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope * repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

* —— Paventoſa ſpeme. PETRARCH, *Son.* 114.

FINIS.